Cat. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings*, how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhall highly be imployed.
Glo. Commend me to L. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mis *Shore* one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place there ſhall you find vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord, what ſhall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeild to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Herford* and the mooueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
we may digeſt our complots in ſome forme *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Haſt.*
Haſt. What's a Clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleepe the tedious night?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First

Firſt he commends him to
Haſt. And then.
He dreamt to night, the
Beſides he ſayes, there are
And that many be determi
Which may make you an
Therefore he ſends to know
If preſently you will take
And with all ſpeed poſt int
To ſhun the danger that h
Haſt. Good fellow goe
Bid him not feare the ſeper
His honour and my ſelfe
And at the other is my ſe
Where nothing can procee
Whereof I ſhall not haue
Tell him his feares are ſhal
And for his dreames, I wo
To truſt the mockery of
To flie the Bore before the
Were to incence the Boa
And make purſuit where
Go bid thy maſter riſe an
And we will both togethe
Where he ſhall ſee the Bo
Meſ. My gracious Lord, i
Enter Catesb
Cat. Many good morro
Haſt. Good morrow
What news, what news, in
Cat. It is a reeling world
And I beleeue twill neuer
Till *Richard* weare the Ga
Haſt. How? weare the
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crow
Ere I will ſee the Crowne
But canſt thou gueſſe that
Cat. Vpon my life my L.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G